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The Shape of Things

THE PRESIDENT CANNOT JUSTLY BE BLAMED for ordering the Attorney General to seek an injunction against continuance of the coal stoppage. Indeed, since the Taft-Hartley act is the law of the land, he had no alternative once coal stocks had sunk to a level endangering the "national health and safety." Nor can objective observers take exception to the report of the Fact-Finding Board, which gave an impartial account of the reasons why collective bargaining had failed in the coal industry. The owners, they said, were at fault for insisting that certain contract changes must be accepted as "conditions precedent" before real bargaining could start; the union had contributed to the impasse by refusing to formulate "specific demands." It was, perhaps, outside the functions of the board to explore the question of the extent to which the obstinacy of both sides could be ascribed to the Taft-Hartley act. Certainly, the behavior of the operators lends color to Lewis's charge that they were willing to prolong the crisis until the President was forced to resort to injunction and so tip the bargaining scales in their favor. However, the miners' leader would be better placed to press this point in the court of public opinion if he had put his cards on the table at an earlier stage. In any case the country has been given a demonstration of the futility of the Taft-Hartley act as a preventive of dangerous disputes. And now we may have an illustration of the ineffectiveness of injunctions. For while Lewis complied with Judge Keech's order to end the strike forthwith, the miners show no signs of obeying his instructions. Perhaps, as some commentators allege, Lewis has indicated by "nods and winks" that, for once, he desires disobedience. Technically, however, he has met the requirements of the court. The question is therefore whether the union can be held in contempt because members disregard their leader's orders.

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ON FEBRUARY 10 *THE NATION'S* EDITORS sent the following telegram to Winston Churchill: "You are quoted in American press as saying at Plymouth on February 9 that the Socialist government is 'keeping itself alive economically and politically by large annual dollops of dollars from capitalist America.' Does this mean that a Conservative government would be able to maintain balance-of-payments position during next two years with less assistance from European Recovery Program than is now contemplated? This is important question here in view of forthcoming Congressional hearings on appropriations, especially since your words may be used as argument for reducing total aid. Would therefore appreciate reply." As this issue goes to press (February 14) we are still awaiting an answer. Consequently, since our question is one of great moment to both America and Britain, we have decided to ask it again in this public form. If Mr. Churchill is too busy to send us a cable—and we understand he is somewhat preoccupied at the present time—perhaps he will give the answer in one of his election speeches.

*

GEORGES BIDAULT HAS MANAGED TO PATCH together a Cabinet with only enough strength and no greater ambition than to live on until the day President Auriol decides to dissolve Parliament and call for new elections. The experiment of the Third Force has ended. Immediately after the Socialists withdrew from the government the vigor of their press and the temperature of their meetings in Paris and the provinces increased. In *Populaire*, the party organ, editorials justifying almost every move of American foreign policy gave way to highly critical comments on the latest H-bomb developments and Washington's habit of deciding issues vitally affecting the peoples of Europe without consulting them or their governments. In the domestic field Léon Blum acknowledged the difficulty of cooperating with parties and persons profoundly antagonistic to the idea of a directed economy. Every sign points toward a firmer Socialist stand and a reluctance to enter a Cabinet combination of the kind that has governed France for the past three years. For the moment M. Bidault can count on the Socialist deputies to prevent a sudden government defeat in the Assembly, especially in the face of attack from the Communist benches. But how long that limited support will continue nobody has any idea. The Socialists are no more anxious for early elections than is the Premier. But for all practical purposes French politics have already entered a pre-election period with De Gaulle emerging in a new bid for power.

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THOMAS E. DEWEY IS INCENSED AT THOSE theorists who want our two major parties neatly arranged, the Republicans to be the "conservative-to-reactionary party" and the Democrats the "liberal-to-radical party." If that should happen, he warned at Princeton last week, "the results would be neatly arranged, too. The Republicans would lose every election and the Democrats would win every election . . . it would result in a one-party system." Here is a remarkable admission that the country is basically and, as far as the eye can reach, permanently liberal. Whether or not this burst of frankness means that Dewey is planning to pass out of the political picture, it is refreshing to hear. But what does it make of the gross campaign that John Foster Dulles put on in New York last fall, under Dewey's nose and, it was believed, with his blessing? The Governor now feels free to say that the crusade against the "welfare state," far from being his inspiration, must have been put over by "some very clumsy Republican"—like the chairman of the party's national committee, Mr. Dewey seems to be saying. And what does the new Dewey line make of the ludicrously drab, almost rancid, "statement of principles and objectives" drawn up by party chiefs in Washington a few days ago? Coming in an election year, the vagueness of the party's stand on foreign policy, the cowardly retreat on civil rights, the absence of anything concrete enough to be regarded as either an objective or a principle—all seemed designed to insure another Republican fiasco. If Dewey is right —and we think he is—that this sort of Republican sterility is the surest way to give us a one-party state, the day will not be saved by the party's newly adopted battle-cry. "Liberty Against Socialism" means as little in 1950 as it meant back in the days of the Liberty League.

*

PUBLICLY, CHANCELLOR ADENAUER AND other leaders of the Bonn Government are praising the Stuttgart speech of American High Commissioner John J. McCloy, which bluntly condemned the resurgence of nationalism and the development of marked anti-democratic tendencies in the West German state. Privately, they are probably suffering from a rather bewildered sense of grievance. For the wave of reaction in western Germany is hardly news even if its manifestations have hitherto been largely ignored by Mr. McCloy and his chief aides. In the past year numerous men with bad Nazi records have been allowed to reenter the civil service and the judiciary and to assume control of important industrial enterprises. Politicians of the extreme right have been openly organizing; government officials and others have made sharp attacks on the Western powers and have passed from denying German responsibility for Hitler

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to assertions of the responsibility of other countries for all German troubles. McCloy's hands-off policy has encouraged the right wing to grow bolder: indeed, as Dr. Schumacher, the Social Democratic leader, has pointed out, Americans have favored precisely those groups which they now criticize. However, if American headquarters in Germany remained complacent, public opinion in this country was rightly perturbed. When Mr. McCloy visited Washington recently with the intention, it is said, of suggesting a revision of the occupation statute to give the Bonn government still more freedom of action, he apparently received instructions to "get tough" and to report to the Germans what Americans were really thinking. In his Stuttgart speech he fulfilled this mission faithfully. But hard words break no bones, and the speech will soon be forgotten unless the occupation authorities follow it with deeds even at the risk of breaking the Adenauer administration, on which they have, unrealistically, built great hopes.

Pleasantville Politics

AMONG the more curious twists of current journalistic history is the emergence of John T. Flynn, a jaundiced ex-editor of the *New Republic*, as the political prophet of *Reader's Digest*, a little journal which has made millions by the steady sale of packaged sweetness and synthetic light. The *Digest's* decision to give its 9,000,000 readers a condensed version of Flynn's book, "The Road Ahead," is in itself noteworthy in view of the work's extreme demagogy and black intolerance of all conflicting views, but what adds to the pointedness of the selection is the blatant and unusual editorial blessing that goes with it.

To touch first on the content of the book, Flynn is not satisfied to argue against the principles of the "welfare state," a right which no one would begrudge him. There is of course nothing novel about his stale and fraudulent attempt to lump together Communists, Socialists, New Dealers, Fair Dealers, and all who believe in any degree of government planning. What is ominous about this diatribe is the blunt assertion that the Communists having been discredited, the "Socialist Planners" are now Public Enemy Number One. Unless "they are recognized for what they are, and are stopped, they will destroy this country."

Spearheading this dangerous group of Fabian Socialists, who operate "behind a mask which [they] call National Planning" is Americans for Democratic Action. The Administration is made up of these wicked planners, and the Democratic Party is at their mercy. Here, Flynn warns, is the "assassin" of the American system of society, seeking to do "by slow poison" what the Communists would do by a single stroke of violence. Again and again he harps on his fanatic point: "Communists and Socialist Planners must be grouped together as enemies of our traditional American system. . . . My point is that there is no need to make a fine point of the distinction." All motives but those of Bricker Republicans are evil, and there is nothing for it but to "build a mass organization outside the parties so powerful that all parties will be compelled to yield to its demands."

This effort to put all who think differently from Flynn beyond the pale of decent political controversy, to impugn their motives and treat them as "assassins," and to counter them by coercing both major parties—this, we gather, is Flynn's notion of "the traditional American system." One cannot help wondering whether he thinks of himself as having been an assassin and a traitor to that system when he was an editor of the *New Republic*, a magazine which even in his day was known to look with considerable favor on government planning.

But what of the *Digest?* Not only does it single out this low-grade stuff for presentation to its readers; it all but jams it down their throats. Instead of following its traditional make-up, with the book condensation at the end, it launches Flynn's opus on page one. At the end of the text readers are advised that reprints may be had, with prices quoted for bundles up to a thousand. The article is preceded by blurbs from the critics, like so many testimonials for a patent medicine. But since the Pure Food and Drug Act is not operative in this field, Editor De Witt Wallace permits himself a bit of downright dishonesty. He has the New York *Times* reviewer hailing the volume as one of the two "most important books about the contemporary American scene that we will have this year." No suggestion that the reviewer explains in the same paragraph that the books are important only because "they are the latest and most extreme manifestations of an endemic hysteria presently affecting a considerable segment of our society."

If Mr. Wallace wants to engage in politics as badly as this performance indicates, the privilege is his. But his 9,000,000 readers should be advised that what they are getting is not merely piety and hints for self-improvement, but propaganda and brass knuckles. And, by the way, does Mr. Flynn know that Mr. Wallace sent an emissary to Washington last year to plead with Congress not to lift the government's subsidy to newspapers and magazines? If the Post Office really charged the *Digest* what it costs to deliver the magazine, the emissary said, that champion of rugged individualism would drop a million dollars a year and shortly go out of business. Maybe we are carrying the welfare-state idea a little too far, at that.

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Diplomacy of Reprisal

SECRETARY Acheson's appalling, dead-end statement in his press conference on February 8 had one good result: it set in motion a wave of protest which is still spreading as these words are written. Nowhere are free men willing to accept the diplomacy of reprisal implicit in the Secretary of State's announcement that compromise with Russia is not to be considered, further negotiations are useless, and our only recourse is the rapid preparation for a war in which we shall hope to possess the most powerful bomb.

The one hope of escape suggested by Mr. Acheson is that Russia, frightened by our assumed lead in the production of atomic explosives, including the hydrogen bomb, will finally accept agreement on our terms. How hazardous such a gamble is can be seen from the record of the last four years. Faced by an America armed with atomic weapons, Russia rejected the Baruch plan and set about creating similar weapons of its own, thus achieving destructive equality, in kind if not yet in quantity. To counter this strategy by merely hurrying on to a higher level of destructiveness is a policy so despairing as to amount to sheer nihilism.

Elsewhere in this issue Raymond Swing, in an article written before Mr. Acheson's statement was made, provides a devastating analysis of the position expounded by the Secretary. We call our readers' attention particularly to Mr. Swing's argument that no nation, however powerful, can today achieve any "primary defense" against weapons of mass destruction now available to all nations, and that this fact has created a revolution in international relations which renders obsolete the present policy of both great powers. In the context of this revolution, a strategy of defense through threat of reprisal is obviously futile, and Mr. Swing urges this country to take the lead in proposing a system of law through limited world federation as the only possible way of securing the peace.

Other critics of Mr. Acheson's policy suggest more immediately available alternatives. With only a few exceptions, the press of France has criticized the American attitude, calling for new attempts at agreement, more genuine consultation among the Western allies, and more respect for the United Nations. In Britain, a similar attitude prevails; indeed, Washington can hardly ignore the urgent demands for new overtures made by Conservative and Labor leaders alike as the hydrogen bomb forced aside the domestic issues which have dominated the election campaign. Anthony Eden spoke as a former Foreign Minister as well as a party leader when he said: "We cannot resign ourselves to be carried along like driftwood on a swirling torrent of distrust. I am quite sure that we must make the attempt, and make it soon." The feeling on all sides that this country on its sole initiative is deciding the fate of mankind is one which Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson apparently failed to foresee.

The growing sense of doom was perhaps most ominously expressed by Albert Einstein in his television appearance last Sunday. The great physicist, like Mr. Swing, called for a "restricted world government" as the single way ultimately to prevent war. Pending such a development he foresaw only the feverish, secret construction of increasingly destructive weapons, mounting hysteria, a growing concentration of power in the hands of the military, and increasing intimidation of citizens. In contradiction to some other scientists, he insisted that the H-bomb could probably poison the earth's atmosphere to the point of destroying all life. "In the end, there beckons more and more clearly general annihilation." It is to meet this danger, nothing less, that sane people the world over demand new and unremitting efforts to find an agreed system of controlling atomic power and a way out of the cold war.

The Half-open Door

BY SAMUEL WHITEHEAD

Washington, February 10

SOMETIME soon—next week or the week after—the Senate will have a chance to purge itself of the meanness of spirit, the blatant bigotry, which stained the displaced-persons law of 1948. Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, who blocked action last year, has been shouldered aside, and on January 25 McCarran's Judiciary Committee met the Administration deadline by reporting out a proposed revised version of the law which will eventually reach the Senate floor. It is a major achievement for Mr. Truman that in an effort to fulfil his 1948 campaign pledges he managed to dynamite the Judiciary Committee into activity. Analysis of the proposed measure, however, does not make one too happy about the conditions that still must be met by the D. P.'s who seek admission to our democracy.

The 1948 law, which the President attacked in the election campaign as "anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic," was written, in the main, under the guidance of McCarran himself in cooperation with Senator Chapman Revercomb. Revercomb, then Republican chairman of the Judiciary Committee, was promptly bounced from his job by West Virginia's voters. The law limited the number of D. P.'s who could be admitted to this country to 205,000, a fraction of the stateless people then herded together in the camps of Germany, Austria, and Italy.

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And by establishing two categories of preference it put up a "No Jews Wanted" sign.

The first preference was that 30 per cent of the D. P.'s admitted must be "agriculturists." The second was that 40 per cent must be exiles or refugees from an area "annexed by a foreign power"—meaning Russia or one of its satellites. The second preference, sometimes called in Congress the "Baltic preference," if strictly interpreted would have given 40 per cent of the D. P. entrance permits to refugees from Lithuania, Estonia, and Latvia—most of them Protestants—who make up only 19 per cent of the total European D. P. population. As for the preference for "agriculturists," the intelligence of Congressmen would be insulted if one assumed they were unaware that few European Jews can qualify as farmers.

The measure on which the Senate will now vote raises the total number of D. P.'s to be admitted from 205,000 to 320,000. It puts forward the "cut-off" date—before which D. P.'s must have entered European camps to be eligible for admission to this country—from December, 1945, to January 1, 1949. But these are the only important improvements. The new bill requires the same proportion of "agriculturists" and refugees from areas "annexed by a foreign power." Worse yet, it changes the definition of a displaced person so as to include, specifically, the "ethnic" Germans whom Hitler used as an excuse and a tool for his conquests of Poland and Czechoslovakia. Among them are such people as the Sudetens, who helped Hitler undermine the democratic government of President Benes of Czechoslovakia at the time of the Munich crisis, and the East Prussians, who rioted in Danzig for the return of the city to Germany. Of course not all Germans expelled from post-war Poland and Czechoslovakia aided the Nazi penetration of their former homelands, but many of them benefited from the Nazi *volksdeutsch* doctrine and should certainly not be given precedence over Hitler's victims. The virtue of these ethnic Germans is supposed to be that even if they love Hitler they hate Stalin.

The measure specifically bars not only Communists but "Marxists." Strictly interpreted, this provision would bar George Bernard Shaw, who once wrote a pro-Marxist book entitled "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism." It would bar Léon Blum, former Premier of France, who defied a German-dominated court during the war so valiantly that the judges did not dare convict him of anything. It would assuredly bar Clement Attlee.

Senator McCarran thinks that the D. P. bill his committee approved on January 25 is too liberal. He has proposed changes which would prevent the admission of any D. P.'s if the number of American unemployed should exceed 4,000,000 persons, as it does now, or if more than 2,000,000 families, as now, must live "doubled up" with other families. Pat McCarran's views are well known. The question is how many Senators agree with him.

IT IS not considered proper to write publicly about the intolerance and scarcely veiled Know-Nothingism exhibited in Congress during committee hearings on such matters as a D. P. bill. But I think the American people ought to know what goes on. Even since the war witnesses have appeared at hearings on the admission of D. P.'s to complain about the entrance of non-Nordic, non-Gentile, or non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants. For example, Merwin K. Hart, representing what he called the National Economic Council, told a House committee in 1947 that America had suffered markedly from a "great influx from Southern and Southeastern Europe." He did not mention the fact that a refugee named Fermi, another "Italian voyager" who "landed in the New World," helped give America the atomic bomb. Nor did he recall the services rendered to America by the children of Serbian, Italian, Greek, and Russian immigrants on the battlefields of the Second World War. People of "Southern-Southeastern European stock," he intimated, lacked "fitness and adaptability" for American citizenship.

The Know-Nothingism of the Congressmen themselves is revealed in their purrs of satisfaction over such testimony. It can be observed in the sly wording of a question, an ironic observation which no one can prove is anti-Semitic, an amiable statement of appreciation for a witness's prejudicial contribution. It crops up in pious protests against depriving "hard-working" and "good" D. P.'s of the chance to go to Israel, in feverish efforts to show that hordes of red spies and saboteurs have slipped into this country as D. P.'s, though actually security measures are rigidly enforced.

The House of Representatives has passed a liberalized D. P. bill which sets decent standards. It discards the preferences for "agriculturists" and refugees from Eastern Europe and contains no provision favoring ethnic Germans. It avoids the Senate committee's lumping of "Marxists" with Communists. The 344,000 D. P.'s to be admitted are to be apportioned among the different nationalities according to the quotas set by the general immigration laws. These quotas are themselves discriminatory and designed to protect the Anglo-Saxon character of our country, but their application would be fairer to the D. P.'s than any other suggested system.

The decisive moment will come when the Senate as a whole considers the bill proposed by its Judiciary Committee and liberal Senators fight for substitution of the more generous House proposal. Five years after the war the stateless victims of both German and Russian totalitarianism are still waiting to resume decent, normal lives; let us hope the American Senate will at last give them a welcome in harmony with our better traditions.

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Pari-mutuel Benevolence

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, February 7

SINCE Artie Samish managed to get horse racing legalized in California in 1933, some two billion dollars has passed through the pari-mutuel machines. Racing, indeed, is about the biggest business in the state. Its climate and its tremendous size give California more racing days in the average year than any other state enjoys, which partially accounts for the size of the "racing pool." Even in 1933 this amounted to $6,315,634, and in 1948 it had increased to $354,242,360.

Whoever drafted the legislation legalizing pari-mutuel betting in California possessed remarkable insight into the problem of how to win friends and influence people —more particularly, how to win churches and influence newspapers. In the first place, the state was given an attractive share of the loot in the form of taxes, thus silencing opposition at that level. The counties were taken care of by allotments to county fairs—$5,130,000 has been turned over to the Fair and Exposition Fund since 1933, and the number of fairs has increased from nine to seventy-eight. Finally, the licensed tracks were authorized to make donations to non-profit organizations engaged in "charitable and benevolent and other like work." The act failed, however, to define a charitable organization, and among people of such notorious generosity as the Californians, the term has tremendous flexibility. Furthermore the tracks and not the state racing board were given authority to designate the charities. Thus the act which conferred an air-tight, state-policed monopoly on the licensed privately owned tracks also made it possible for them to distribute a large part of the swag in such a way as to deter any important interest group from leading a crusade against horse-racing or pari-mutuel betting, or, for that matter, from campaigning for higher taxes. How this system of lobbying by philanthropy is operated is revealed by the list of "charitable" donations made by Santa Anita and Hollywood Park, the two licensed race tracks in Los Angeles, in 1948.

I recently had a chance to see this list. Sizable sums, I found, had been handed out to nearly every major opinion-molding agency in Southern California. There are two Hearst-owned newspapers in Los Angeles; so I was not surprised to find the Marion Davies Foundation down for a donation of $50,000. But since equity is the life of the law and fair play the motto of horse racing, the Los Angeles *Times* Charities, Inc., and the *Daily News* Foundation each received $25,000. Ample provision was also made for the various veterans' organizations, the Los Angeles County Council of the American Legion being given $75,000.

Communities in the area were made happy with generous contributions to their welfare and community-chest funds. Among the various private charities which profited were the Braille Institute, the Motion Picture Relief Fund, the Salvation Army, the American Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Woodcraft Rangers, the "toy loan" centers, the Six Dots, the Sky Pilots of America, and the Sandpipers of Hermosa Beach. The list, single-spaced, covers several pages. Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant churches were remembered, although the unorthodox sects and cults, for some reason, were overlooked: for example, the Santa Anita Foundation made grants of $25,000 to the Federation of Jewish Welfare and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Los Angeles. Protestant gifts were in the form of grants to individual churches and charities; one entry was "to the Rector, Wardens, and Vestrymen of St. Andrew's Parish, $500."

The length of the list and the size of the donations make the current conception of lobbying seem much too restricted. One is reminded, too, that charity covers a multitude of sins. In one sense, of course, lobbying has always smacked of philanthropy, but seldom has philanthropy so closely resembled lobbying. This is not to imply that the newspapers or the churches would refuse to join in a campaign to abolish pari-mutuel betting. Under the circumstances, however, it will hardly occur to them that such a campaign might be in order.

Bookmaking has been the subject of several indignant reports by the Governor's Commission on Organized Crime. Simultaneously Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Bay Meadows, Tanforan, Del Mar, and Golden Gate have been providing, one might say, the raw material for the bookmaking industry in California. True, the abolition of pari-mutuel betting would not stop bookmaking in California so long as races are run in other states, but it would certainly put a crimp in the industry, since a third or more of the fantastic sum which passes through the hands of California bookies every year is bet on races run in the state. This much is admitted by the Commission on Organized Crime. The accuracy of the commission's estimate, moreover, can hardly be questioned, since William Jeffers, a member of the commission, is also a director of the Los Angeles Turf

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Club (Santa Anita). The commission's indignation on the score of bookmaking is doubtless sincere, but it is hard to understand considering the close connection between bookmaking and pari-mutuel betting. Indeed, a reading of its report leaves one with the feeling, described by Wordsworth, of being rather "wearied out with contrarieties" and more or less inclined to "yield up moral questions in despair." Perhaps an escape from this impasse would be found if the lobbyists and the bookies set up charitable foundations.

Prescription for Survival

BY RAYMOND SWING

WHAT is the greatest revolution of our times? If this question were to be put to persons ranging from occupants of the White House to the humblest American it is doubtful that the same answer would always be received, or indeed, in most cases, the right one. Even if it were explained that by "greatest" was meant the one affecting the most people most profoundly, the correct answer might still not be obtained. For the revolution I am thinking of is not the one in science that produced atomic fission; that is only part of it. It is the revolution caused by the fact that there no longer exists effective primary military defense of civilian populations and areas against destruction from a foreign enemy. There remains only a secondary kind of defense in the possession of vast powers of destruction. This can inspire fear in a possible aggressor and so deter him from an attack, or it can damage him if he attacks and reduce his power to destroy. But inspiring fear is at best only indirect defense. The revolution is that even a strong nation, once attacked, has no physical defense against partial destruction. With the development of present-day super-weapons the ability of weak nations to destroy is enormously increased. Strength, in the full past meaning of the word, is no more. What remains is only the strength to destroy; there is little of the strength to preserve and protect, which obviously has been the bulwark of civilization.

The Industrial Revolution can hardly have been more far-reaching, for this new revolution has swept away all the accumulated tradition and wisdom in the art of conducting international relations on which nations have relied for security. Heretofore the art of statesmanship has consisted in creating and directing power for the safety and well-being of peoples, in seeking to shield countries and their inhabitants from harm. Now that there is no safety, the art is ineffective. All great nations are trying today to protect their nationals by practices applicable to conditions that no longer exist. It is as inane as it would be to go on firing guns that all of a sudden had begun to shoot backward. Unable to prevent destruction, statesmanship is simply making an effort to influence the area and intensity of destruction. It is trying to do this by increasing the means of destruction, which is to betray its full and horrible helplessness.

The decision to proceed with the construction of the hydrogen bomb carries the folly of present thinking about defense close to suicide. If fear is to be man's defense, the fear must be magnified to the greatest possible extent. That is to say that the greater the fear the greater the safety, another way of saying that the greater the danger the greater the safety. The decision is based on the presumption that if America is attacked it can destroy more of the enemy with the hydrogen bomb than the enemy can destroy of America. But this is an exercise in fantasy. Who can say how many countries will ultimately be making the hydrogen bomb? Surely if America can make it, Russia can. Perhaps the only possible, if far-fetched, justification for making it is that the sheer madness of it will shock the world—America included—into sanity. But sanity demands first of all the recognition of the revolution through which military power is taking us. Statesmanship has arrived at a dead end. At the moment there is no promise that civilization will be redeemed from man's social incompetence before it is destroyed by his scientific competence.

Partial recognition of the revolution is behind the campaign to resume the effort to establish a supranational control of atomic energy. President Truman was urged not to sanction work on the hydrogen bomb before an attempt was made to reopen negotiations for atomic control. He did not himself launch a new attempt, a fact that as long as history is read may be held against his nation as an unparalleled delinquency. But in announcing the decision to make the hydrogen bomb he did say that work on atomic weapons was to proceed "until a satisfactory plan for the international control of atomic energy is conceived." Not having done the sane thing, he nevertheless prescribed the shock treatment to bring the world back to sanity.

But it must be doubted whether the world, America included, can or will be shocked into sanity. Most Americans—and surely President Truman— believe that

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the reason there is not now international control of atomic energy is that the Soviet Union rejected the Baruch plan. Consequently the shock treatment, as Americans will read the diagnosis, will only work if Russia suddenly becomes sane. But if sanity consists in facing up to the whole revolution—not simply the atomic chapter of it—it will not be enough for Russia to be shocked. The United States government has no present intention to establish a new order of statesmanship that rules out reliance on military power for national defense. And until the American people offer to make this contribution to security, the reign of sanity cannot begin.

The Truman Administration, and most Americans, have believed until quite recently that the only road to peace lay in Russian acceptance of the Baruch plan. That act was to be the test of grace; without it agreement was worthless. Yet once America lost the monopoly of making atomic explosives on an industrial basis, the Baruch plan became as obsolete as the Hiroshima bomb. For the plan was based on our having something no one else had, which we would surrender to a world authority only after Russia had paid us with far-reaching guaranties. Russia was the inferior, America the superior. In a narrow sense it is true that there is no international control now because Russia rejected the Baruch plan. But it is obvious that Russia refused to accept international control because it did not relish the inferior status assigned to it by the Baruch plan, and being confident it soon would have the bomb, knew it did not need to. If there is to be international control there must be a new proposal, to be negotiated by equals in the terms and spirit of equality. It may be of some small comfort that President Truman in his statement of January 31 did not say again that the Russians must accept the Baruch plan. He said only that there must be "a satisfactory plan." This appears to leave room for new negotiations. But the hydrogen-bomb announcement also appears to have sealed off this room. If the Russians were not to be pressured into accepting the Baruch plan, they are not likely to be pressured into anything by the hydrogen bomb. They are sure to believe that if it can be made they can make it. So it must be questioned whether there is anything to the shock therapy in international relations. And if there is doubt about it, it was the height of madness to use it.

ONE difficulty created by the cold war is that it makes everything America does right and unquestionable for Americans and everything Russia does wrong and indefensible. So even though America is a free country, the process of examination and reason is dangerously impaired. Some detachment is required to see that the issue is not whether Russia will accept the Baruch plan or one like it. This plan was no more than a beginning of acknowledging the revolution which has taken place. It was no more than a sector of it, a vivid and novel one, so fresh and stirring that it might electrify minds wearied by the war. The revolution is that the whole fabric by which civilization enjoyed any safety has gone. This safety is not restored by abolishing atomic weapons. All the weapons of the last war remain, plus rockets and bacteriological and other destructive devices still undealt with. Japan and Germany can testify that even the destruction accomplished by weapons invented and put into mass production years ago has made primary military defense a myth. But Americans are not officially dedicated to controlling these weapons. They are concerned with the creation of still more military power as the chief means of making themselves safe. They admit that the atomic bomb endangers this policy; the Baruch plan expresses this admission. But the assumption remains that once atomic energy is controlled, no further heed need be paid to the revolution produced by modern military power. So they go on being absorbed by the cold war, the power rivalry continues as the chief motive of foreign relations, and the Baruch plan itself has degenerated into being nothing more than a move in the cold war. Indeed, the hydrogen bomb now becomes the most sensational of all moves in that war. Thus Americans are resigned to the fact that the Baruch plan has not led them to a plateau of new and sane statesmanship.

Let it be admitted that progress toward this plateau has been made difficult by the Russians. It was they who first regarded the Baruch plan as a move in the cold war, and they certainly were wantonly reckless in not finding in it the ideas, if not the program, for ultimate accord. They have stuck grimly to faith in national sovereignty—the concept above all others that the revolution in military might has made untenable—and have allowed themselves only the most gingerly approach toward accepting international inspection. But so long as the Russians were assigned to an inferior level, they could hardly be expected to take the lead in propounding ideas still more superior to the supra-national control of atomic energy. The Russians, having come last on the stage of social civilization, and having done so only after open war with the democracies at the close of World War I, may still be unsure of themselves, but they are doubly unsure of their opponents. They have indeed been sly, skeptical, and unfailingly untrusting. Even so, they have not been as inflexible in the Atomic Energy Commission of the U. N. as is the general impression in America. They have made veiled concessions, even if they have not taken the lead in breaking ground with new ideas. Had they been approached directly in the first place, as equals in two-power negotiations, and had America shown any interest in discussing terms for preventing the cold war, it seems probable that progress might have been made. Secretary Stimson before his

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resignation warned the Truman Administration that any other approach, and certainly that of discussion by many governments, was bound to fail.

Unless the rest of the world is in earnest about abandoning military power as the basis of national policy, the Russians cannot be expected to believe it will do so. Obviously they do not believe it, and will not until the rest of the world gives convincing proof of its desire for a new dispensation to replace the reign of national military power. In other words, the failure of statesmanship to grapple with the problems raised by the revolution in military power cannot be blamed solely or first on the Russians. It would be exhilarating indeed if they should now turn into crusaders for world law and the replacement of armies and bombs by courts and police. That would vastly simplify the problem of averting war. But is it the American case that since the Russians are not *more* enlightened than we, there must be hydrogen bombs and all the preoccupation with amassing destructive power to use against them?

THE real question to be answered is whether Americans have faced up to the revolution in military power and drawn basic conclusions from it. It will not do to answer that they did so in making the Baruch proposal; that was not enough, as Mr. Baruch himself indicated in introducing it, when he said that all weapons of mass production would ultimately have to be controlled. Now that the Russians can make atomic explosives we no longer hold a one-sided advantage, and it should be clear to us that the whole problem of power must be dealt with. We should ask the Russians, the British, and all others wielding power to join us in evolving a system of international relations that does not permit the creation and use of military power for national purposes. We must be prepared to surrender our own right to military power and invest instead in a supra-national authority that will apply international control to all the major weapons. We must do this before it is too late if Americans are to have safety from destruction. The only way to make Americans safe is to assure all others the same safety. This, of course, is the opposite of what President Truman has done in authorizing the hydrogen bomb.

Such an objective does not rule out international control of atomic weapons as an immediate subject for negotiation. Negotiations might well start with this, but they will fail if it is not made clear that the entire field of military power is to be covered and a revolutionary system of international relations worked out. Naturally they must be accompanied by an armistice in the cold war and an announced willingness to settle its outstanding issues by the only device of statesmanship, accommodation and mutual concessions. The proposal must be to set forth on the most complex, far-reaching, and portentous negotiations that ever took place. We should have to expect—and indeed should desire—the parliamentary type of opposition and strategy in such negotiations, and since the U. N. Charter would have to be revised, that is the routine way of arriving at the end result. But it can and should be known to all, and in time believed by all, that the United States for its part is ready to go the whole way to avert war, and is not seeking merely to put Russia in the wrong.

Dean Acheson

The test to be applied to any system now advocated for world relationships is whether it takes full account of the revolution in military power. The Baruch plan did not, being only the limitation of a single type of weapon. The United Nations as now constituted has neither power nor control over national power. Proponents of the Atlantic Union, a partial world federation that excludes Russia until certain internal political standards are met, still rely on military power for security. In fact, they use much the same logic as those who want the hydrogen bomb when they say the federation would be so strong that Russia would never dare attack it. They disregard the revolution which prevents any nation, and even a partial world federation of nations, from providing physical protection for its citizens in the event of war. All such plans rest for security on the now dominant thesis that the greater the danger the greater the safety.

Any proposal for the control of military weapons that does not include the Soviet Union at the outset is a proposal to amass power against Russia. It may insure tremendous destruction in Russia if war comes, but it cannot prevent tremendous destruction by Russia. A proposal that leaves Russia out cannot guarantee to avert the destruction of civilization but rather brings it nearer by relying for safety on fear and the means of wreaking devastation. It leaves out of account the revolution in the nature of power.

The program of a limited world federation offered by the United World Federalists meets the test of taking the revolution into account. It is not concerned with internal affairs in any country, but solely with finding a way to place world security under supra-national author-

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ity. The program is not more drastic than the Baruch plan; it simply is more comprehensive, and it should be presented as being no more than the Baruch plan carried to its logical conclusion and provided with legislature, courts, and enforcing and inspecting powers. True, a fool-proof police system that at a stroke will be able to suppress all modern weapons is not possible. But the success of any government—of a world government too—is in the spirit in which it operates, not in its capacity to coerce great sections of the human race. Unless men want peace and want it enough to delete from national sovereignty the right to possess military force and use it against nations, they will get World War III with all its dire consequences. The technical difficulties of a world government are sure to be great, but they are not the chief difficulty—that is to arouse and maintain the world will to establish it. Once a world government is willed with sufficient faith, the technical difficulties will be found capable of solution. The lack of will is not confined to Russia. And the only contribution the United States can make to overcome this difficulty is to clarify its own will and proclaim it.

THE proposal to strengthen the United Nations into a limited world federation has already been widely debated, and the present Congress has before it resolutions calling on the Administration to take the lead in seeking amendment of the U. N. charter to this end. The chief resistance to the proposal comes from those who consider the whole idea, however attractive, utterly beyond reach, the Russians being what they are. One of the lamentable results of the cold war is that it has made us accept our own propaganda without further thought. We ourselves have been changed by the cold war beyond recognition, being now, for instance, a super-military nation with a pathological obsession about political conformity. Similarly the Soviet Union has been altered by the cold war, even though it will be impossible for those fed on cold-war propaganda to realize that what we see is not the Russia that might be. What Russia or the United States would be like in a world of security in which rivalry for military power had ended is indeed exhilarating to contemplate. But if Americans are to wait for the Russians to purify the air of the world for them, they will wait in vain. It does not appear to be the Russian destiny to lead mankind, Americans included, to what Bishop Oldham has called the New Jerusalem of world law. But might it not be the American destiny? Is this not the real issue before the American people? Will they assume the moral leadership of the world? Will they first clarify their desire for a world of law and then crusade to convert other nations? It can come no other way. It cannot be produced by sullen diplomatic gestures, by stern measures to "contain" communism, or, heaven knows, by proclaiming the search for an explosion that can expunge the whole of Moscow in a flash. All these doings show the dead end to which statesmanship has come.

A new road must be opened, and the very opening of it will help clear the air. If the United States should make the achievement of a limited world government the objective of its foreign policy and take all possible steps to insure American entry into such a system, if it should seek the rebuilding of the United Nations to this end and announce its desire to be done with cold war and the rivalry based on military power, that initiative would put oxygen into the exhausted air of international misunderstanding. This is not to say that all that is needed is American conversion and leadership. There will be needed wisdom, patience, persuasive eloquence, good-will, and, naturally, the equal desire of the rest of the world to live in safety and the faith of the rest of the world that it can do so. But all America has to offer is itself. As yet no such offer has been made.

J. Alvarez del Vayo in his recent autobiography twitted American liberals for having merely ideals and no policy, referring specifically to the campaign for a world government. But probably the only policy within human capacity able to break the tensions of the power struggle and produce the détente in which international reason can operate is this of America enlisting the world in the effort to construct a new regime of law. All policies that stop short of that, ignoring the revolution in military power, serve only to invite the destruction which that revolution has brought so near.

One can, of course, argue that even if America takes the lead, adopts a world-government policy, obtains revision of the U. N. charter, and convinces part of the world of the need for world law, the program may fail because the Russians may reject it. Hence, one may say, the effort is not worth making. But to say that is to declare that we are absolved from seeking safety for ourselves and all mankind since we have no advance assurance that the Russians will match us in morality and wisdom. If that is what we have come to, the hydrogen bomb may well be our measure as a moral people.

HAROLD J. LASKI
on
British Labor's First Fifty Years

On February 27, 1900, the British Labor Party was born. Today it is the government of the United Kingdom and is fighting a general election to remain in office. In a memorable anniversary article Harold J. Laski tells the story of Labor's fifty-year struggle for power and appraises its present strength and future prospects.

Next Week in *The Nation*

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Labor Should Win

BY DAVID C. WILLIAMS

London, February 7

THE Labor Party should win this election, the most closely contested in many years. It will obtain something like 45 per cent of the votes cast —enough, given the division of the anti-Labor vote between Conservatives and Liberals, to put it back in power with a comfortable, though considerably reduced, parliamentary majority. That is the general opinion of American observers here in London.

Labor will suffer its main losses in the middle-class suburbs of the big cities, particularly London. There will be some defections in notoriously fickle Lancashire and in cities like Birmingham, where there is a strong Tory tradition in the working class. It was in these areas that Labor scored its biggest gains in 1945, and that subsequent by-elections showed the most marked diminution of its strength.

Reapportionment, which the Labor government carried out with complete fairness and impartiality, will cost it twenty-five seats, chiefly because blitzed and half-empty constituencies in the London slums have been merged and reduced in number. As against this the twelve seats for the universities and the two for the London City—that is, the financial district—have disappeared; these were usually held by men who called themselves independents but with rare exceptions were anti-Labor.

Only in Scotland can Labor be confident of increasing its number of M. P.'s. Scotland was not carried along in the general leftward swing of 1945; only 2½ per cent of Glasgow voters shifted to Labor then, as compared with 25 per cent in Birmingham. Scottish by-elections have shown no swing against the government, and it is reasonable to hope that when the blue chips are down more Scots will plump for Labor.

If the weather on election day is reasonably good, Labor may make some gains in rural areas. In 1945 it carried constituencies in which the farms, by British standards, were large and employed a considerable number of workers. Agricultural laborers are strongly unionized, and generally support the government. Farm owners have been generously treated by the government, but Mr. Morrison's hope that some of the fox-hunting gentry, in the privacy of the polling booth, will outrage their ancestors and vote Labor is probably doomed to disappointment.

The big unknown factor is how the Liberal vote will affect the fortunes of the two major parties. Of the triangular contests in 1945 Labor won about a third. The Tories claim that without the Liberal intervention they would have won nearly all of these. Laborites say it was they who suffered, since many people who were disgusted by the record of the pre-war Tory government found they could register their protest by voting Liberal. On balance, the Liberals this time seem likely to take two votes from the Tories for every one they get at the cost of Labor. But this country-wide average conceals very wide variations. In southern England and Wales, where there is a strong radical-liberal tradition, Liberals seem to vote Labor when they have no candidate of their own. North of London the reverse is true.

It is clear that Tory strategists fear a large Liberal vote and are doing their best to hold it down. By hook or by crook they are trying to drive as many Liberals as possible into their corral before election day, their cry of "Wolf!" being "Save the country from socialism!" These tactics may have considerable success. Many people—one investigation puts the number as high as 38 per cent of the voters—would like to support the Liberal Party if it had any chance of gaining a parliamentary majority and forming a government. But obviously it has none, and in such a close contest the warnings of both major parties that no one should throw away his vote will be heeded. It looks as if the tremendous effort the Liberals have made in putting more than 400 candidates in the field would be wasted and as if they would receive a setback from which they may never recover. The closeness of the election will also pare down the already negligible Communist vote, but religious zeal will enable the party to survive.

Beyond all these considerations, the mood of the nation must be taken into account. The impact of the war on conservative and custom-bound Britain boosted Labor's share of the vote from 38 per cent in 1935 to 47 per cent ten years later. In 1935 it won only a third of the seats in the twenty-one largest cities and a majority of the seats in only three—plus Glasgow if the Independent Labor Party victories be credited to Labor. In 1945 it won almost four-fifths of these seats; and in every city it won a majority of the seats, if the Glasgow I. L. P. members be again put on its side.

Yet even after ten years of war the British people remain surprisingly cautious in their political enthusiasms. The 47 per cent vote which Labor piled up in 1945, its best record in the fifty years of its history, is

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well below the vote of the Democratic Party in the United States at its peak strength. Fully a third of the working class voted Tory, a higher proportion than the Republicans are now able to boast. Labor's much-advertised gains among the middle class brought it only about a quarter of their votes.

That a party closely allied to the trade unions had not much appeal for the middle class is not surprising. What is puzzling is the fact that Labor did not get the overwhelming support from the working class to which it seemed entitled. Several reasons may be advanced. Home-owning workers, not a very large proportion in Britain, tend to think as taxpayers rather than as trade unionists. Workers in small, paternalistic companies traditionally go along with the owners. Many British workers, even some who vote Labor, regard the Tories as more fitted than their own people to rule, though the shock of the 1931 débâcle was to some extent overcome by the stolid competence of Labor Ministers in Churchill's war-time coalition Cabinet. Above all, though the Labor Party celebrated its half-century this month, it is still by British standards a new party. Aided by the disintegration of the Liberals, it has captured most of their former support, but it has been by no means so successful among the multitude of workers who vote Tory because their grandfathers did before them.

Clement Attlee

Since 1945 many middle-class people have turned against Labor. They have been near the end of the queue for benefits and resent the high taxes which bring them no apparent reward, except perhaps the national health service. Working-class housewives have tended to drift away because of the persistent housekeeping difficulties. Trade unionists have been the most steadfast, though they wavered a little in the first month or two after the devaluation of the pound. Incidentally, the Prime Minister was wise in resisting pressure to have the election in November. A bargain-counter pound would have been a poor campaign issue; now the people have all but forgotten it.

This "floating vote," which showed up in by-election results as a swing of 6 per cent of the voters from the Labor to the Tory side, would seem to be drifting back. When it comes to a choice of government for the next few years, petty irritations lose some of their force, and people appreciate more keenly the solid satisfactions of the past five years—above all, full employment. The Tories are as keenly aware of this as anyone, and Churchill has deliberately forsaken the lush pastures of world affairs to insist that the Tories receive joint credit for framing full-employment policies in the coalition government, and to pledge his party to maintain them. He has also chosen not to make the welfare state an issue; indeed, the Tory platform outbids Labor in the matter of social services.

The conversion of the Tories to the gospel of full employment and the welfare state is probably too recent to convince many wavering voters. In an effort to please everyone the Tories have made too many promises; the *Economist* lists fifteen categories of people who are to receive help, from the taxpayers to the white-fish industry, and reminds its readers that some of the promises might be kept but not all—especially when the Tories also say they will improve the general financial position of the government, presumably by a larger budget surplus.

Labor is no longer sustained and carried forward by a radical mood among the people; that evaporated years ago. Lassitude and a certain smugness are now dominant. The British feel that they have worked hard and deserve well of the world. They know they are still a long way from economic independence, but they are more inclined to jog along than to gallop. Their Labor government is somewhat like the lumbering draft horse by which cartoonist David Low* represents the Trades Union Congress—slow but dependable. Churchill might surprise people; Attlee, Labor's Stanley Baldwin, can be depended on not to. Spectacular characters like Aneurin Bevan are not being scheduled for radio broadcasts. "Don't change horses in midstream" is probably Labor's most effective argument.

One thing is worth noting by Americans. The choice will be made by something like 80 per cent of British adults, as compared with the 51 per cent of American adults who voted in 1948. Whatever horse-and-buggy practices the British still tolerate in their industries, their elections are streamlined in the best twentieth-century style. Local-government units register the voters in a house-to-house canvass, so that no initiative or effort on the part of the individual is required. Virtually everyone, therefore, is qualified to vote on election day, and all political parties seek the highest possible turnout. The decision, they say, must be made by *all* the people.

* See this issue's inside front cover.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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Del Vayo—The Eternal Dr. Schacht

WHEN a good, penetrating biography of Hitler is written, it will be evident that his greatest *gaffe* was to commit suicide. With a little more imagination he could have foreseen that the Western powers which were his potential allies during the thirties would some day fix their hopes on him again and that with the triumph of his conception "The enemy is in the East" his rehabilitation would be complete. That was his great idea; his occasional explosions of anti-French or anti-British feeling were by comparison half-hearted, almost apologetic. He could have taken refuge in Franco Spain and waited for the denazification period to pass, using his leisure to cull from the memoirs of the Allied generals fresh material for a book that would have been more entertaining than "Mein Kampf."

Since he committed the error of killing himself, the task of preparing the Fourth Reich for its mission of leading Europe against the East has fallen to some of his former associates. At this point the curtain rises for the entrance of Dr. Schacht.

Those who have forgotten Hjalmar Schacht or assumed that he disappeared after being tried by both the Allies and his countrymen will discover that he is very much alive and quite prepared to play his old role under the new auspices. In view of this, a brief sketch of his career may be enlightening.

I first heard his name at the time when the mark was galloping to its end. It was in 1923 in Berlin, when we foreign correspondents used to meet every day at the Adlon bar and pay several million marks for a single round of drinks. If we followed the drinks with dinner the bill ran into billions. Finally it became clear that the inflation must be stopped—which, after all, was not too difficult. The Reichsbank only had to cease printing money and the Finance Minister raise taxes. Schacht, as Director of the Currency, brought this about, and the applause he received launched him on his sensational career. The European press hailed him as a financial genius, and he was undisturbed by the curses of the millions who could only burn their old notes.

Just at this moment the president of the Reichsbank died. The right had its candidate for the position, the capable and aggressive Helfferich. The Socialists looked around for someone to put up against him, and there, ready and waiting, stood Dr. Schacht. He might have been equally well the candidate of right or left, since he really represented only his own interests. He got the appointment. "Did he have a program?" asked the intelligent editor of the Berlin *Tagebuch*, Leopold Schwarzschild, writing about him later. "Yes; it was the advancement of Schacht. Did he have a political orientation? Yes; he was Schachtist."

It was only natural that such a man should utilize his new position to extend his personal power. During the six years that he was president of the Reichsbank, from 1924 to 1930, he paid as much attention to politics as to finance. A dynamic self-advertiser, he was constantly in the headlines. Traditionally the president of the Reichsbank performs his duties without fanfare, but Schacht either held the front of the stage or conspired in the wings against anyone who might outshine him. People said of him, "He never speaks the truth even by accident." He played on the people's dread of a new inflation with a virtuoso's skill. Whenever he sought some new prerogative for his office, that is, for himself, he would insist that unless his demands were granted the stability of the currency would be endangered.

The growing strength of the Hitler movement so impressed him that he decided to abandon the democratic elements in Germany which had put him in office. With a political impudence that has seldom been surpassed, he suddenly called for the rejection of the Young Plan, labeling it the "enslavement plan," though he had previously signed it. Overnight he joined the camp of the Nationalists, and from then on he spoke Hitler's language. When Hitler seized power, Schacht was already firmly seated on the Nazi band-wagon.

The mystery of his eclipse in 1937 and his disappearance from the scene in 1939 has given rise to various conjectures. The most credible is that the Hitler clique resented his superiority and arrogance. Among his former friends abroad his fall served to build up a legend of an anti-Hitler Schacht. Later, when Hitler's star was waning as a result of his military disasters in Russia, Schacht began to exploit this theory, and the end of the war found him a self-elected member of the Allied team. For him the principal post-war problem was how to put Schacht back in power.

He has so far emerged unscathed from a series of trials, though no man bore greater moral and political responsibility for creating the German military machine. He admitted at the first Nürnberg trial that he knew "the Nazis were rearming for aggressive war." For a brief time he was in great peril.

When I was in Switzerland in 1948 I found Schacht using a more and more insolent tone in articles he was writing for German-language Swiss papers, especially the rightist *Tat*. I did not know to what his new confidence was to be attributed, but later I learned that he had been released from prison so that the A. M. G. could consult him about German financial affairs.

Still fit in spite of his age and back in the Allies' favor, Schacht is capitalizing on his former reputation as the savior of the mark to represent himself as the only financier capable of putting western Germany on its feet. He is tempting the Americans with promises of a considerable reduction in occupation costs if his ideas are carried out.

While in prison he wrote a musical comedy. It had a happy ending—the American married the Fräulein in the last act—and his own brief period of persecution also ended happily. More recently he has written a serious political-economic study. Evidently he has preserved his mental agility, waiting for the moment when he can progress from serving as a somewhat clandestine adviser, without official standing, to a post which will satisfy his vanity and thirst for power.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Carlo Levi's "Theology"

OF FEAR AND FREEDOM. By Carlo Levi. Farrar, Straus and Company. $2.75.

I AM deliberately attempting the impossible. A *Tondichtung* is destroyed when it is analyzed in rational terms. Adolphe Gurevitch, in a very fine preface to a very fine translation, warns us that "Of Fear and Freedom" is neither logic nor history nor sociology. It evokes the deepest myths of human destiny—myths which are timeless, for they are not events, and which are capable of contradictory interpretations, for they are not thoughts. A myth is an "as if" which implies but does not define a Platonic reality. The result is that while each sentence is marvelously clear, each paragraph, each chapter, and the whole book are shimmering in a luminous haze, "dark with excess of light." As a son of the eighteenth century I have no predilection for this technique; I found both the "profundity" and the "beauty" of Kalil Gibran insufferable. My ingrained prejudice is the measure of Carlo Levi's victory: the work I was ready to spurn proved a rare and powerful experience. Like all great art, "Of Fear and Freedom" is not communication but communion. While reading it, I felt at one with Carlo Levi. Now that I have to express myself in my own pedestrian prose, I know that I cannot give an adequate summary, or even an objective interpretation, but only a personal reaction. Others will present Carlo Levi in the light of St. John, or of Kierkegaard, or of Kafka; I can only present him in my own light, which is borrowed from Montaigne and Voltaire.

The key word of the book is "the Sacred." The Sacred does not inspire us with that awe which is fulfilment and peace; it is a dramatic element; it creates horror. Primitive man—and the primitive is eternal in us—is conscious of those dark forces which encompass us and which we cannot even name.

The process of every religion is to change the *sacred* into the *sacrificial*, to deprive it of its main feature—inexpressibility—by transforming it into deeds and words; to create the ritual (and the theological) out of the mythical. A god is relegated into a web of formulas, conjurations, evocations, prayers, so that he may not, as is his way, elude us. Sacredness, the very appearance of terror, shapes itself into law in order to escape its own self. Pure anarchy becomes pure tyranny.

The *sacrifice* demanded by the gods is ultimately a blood sacrifice; blood as the essence and symbol of life—the blood of animals, the blood of human beings, the blood of the god himself. Religion is bloodshed, and whatever service demands bloodshed is *ipso facto* a religion—the religion of the tribe, of the nation, of the state. The king, Führer, Duce, is a high priest; the army is a church, with hierarchy, mysteries, symbols, ceremonial. It prepares for the holocaust, the supreme blood sacrifice, war, which alone establishes the sacred character of the state. "To believe, to obey, to fight": Mussolini coined the formula, but it was implied in the ancient prophets as well as in the teaching of Mahomet. (In all this, we are very close to that great "Prophet of the Past" Joseph de Maistre.)

It is fear that created the gods; the gods *are* our fear of them; Carlo Levi is in perfect agreement with eighteenth-century thought—which he probably despises. Voltaire too did recognize the powers of darkness, without and within—the encircling Absurd ready to engulf us. But he was among the children of light, *the Enlightenment*, who dared to name and combat darkness. The fight is not merely slow; it is everlasting. On the surface the dark forces appear as superstitions, prejudices, privileges—all the powers that demand obedience and sacrifice in the name of a mystery. At the core darkness is the desire to find the magic formula that will enslave both the gods and men, the quest of the absolute, of a certitude that will for ever exorcise the "malady of thought," which is freedom.

So the children of darkness are not simply the animals, and the primitives, and the subhuman characters in Faulkner's nightmares; they are the enemies of freedom, for freedom is the eternal quest. And this, to the timid souls who cuirass themselves with theologies, ideologies, doctrines, and other mass allegiances, is the greatest panic fear of all, *Paura della Libertà*, the dread of liberty, as in the original title. They seek, not the truth that will make us free, but the system that will bind both the gods and ourselves. This to Levi is sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost:

Sin, therefore, is man's inability to be free and to give a norm unto himself; it is the search after a law of eternal certitude, a transmutation of liberty into a religious symbol, the fear of God.

Jesus came to deliver us from that fear, and establish freedom; but fear was restored in His name.

To the powers of darkness that rule through fear Levi opposes the "Muses," the arts, including the art of thought, which freely play with symbols and are never the slaves of their own imaginings. The "theology" that Levi gives us in his closing chapter is an artistic symbol.

The "sacred history" of Paradise Lost, Redemption, Apocalypse, is poetically true, true in the ever-repeated, infinite experience. Men have taken it literally, turned it into a dogma, a law, a religion . . . those men who, incapable of liberty, cannot stand the horror of the sacred, must turn to mystery, must hide and worship as a dark symbol the very *revelation*, the shining light of truth.

ALBERT GUERARD

A Modern Invention

RACE RELATIONS IN A DEMOCRACY. By Ina Corinne Brown. Harper and Brothers. $3.

IN ANCIENT times, apparently, race prejudice of any sort was unknown. Egyptian artists caricatured Negroes, but also disparaged fair Libyans, hooknosed Hittites, and bearded Hebrews; their slaves were a cross-section of Mediterranean peoples; and, as we know, the Pharaohs of the Ethiopian dynasty possessed Negroid characteristics. The Greeks and other Mediterraneans picked up their notions of Negroes from the Egyptians but developed no definite attitudes—in part because few Negroes lived in Greece; Hellas's slaves were

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mostly white; so skin color was not associated with slave status.

Was color prejudice, then, "an old Roman custom," as some have claimed? A few Roman art works belittled dark-skinned people; but again, since Rome's slaves were largely white, non-whites could hardly be classed as "inferior." Indeed, Romans attributed to *all* slaves the supposed traits—laziness, cowardice, ignorance—which American Southerners centuries later tried to fasten on Negroes alone.

Thus working in what she calls a "global context," Ina Corinne Brown reveals that "it was more than a hundred years after the discovery of the New World before special attitudes based on race and color began to develop." And, as one now realizes, chief responsibility for nurturing these attitudes rests with the English-speaking peoples.

Although not unmindful of the pecuniary attractions of slavery, medieval Christianity formally sanctioned slavery primarily in the interest of stamping out paganism. The Catholic church placed conversion of "the heathen" above prejudice when it approved intermarriage between Portuguese colonists and Negro slaves and Indians in Brazil. True, this was partly motivated by a shortage of Portuguese women, but long prior contact with Africans, as in the case of most Mediterranean peoples, was basic in determining the efficacy of intermarriage. In Brazil today class and not race distinctions matter. Thus Miss Brown quotes the Brazilian saying, "A rich Negro is a white man, and a poor white man is a Negro."

In the United States it is the reverse: the richest—or best educated—Negro is lower than the poorest white. Why? Our North European ancestors were biologically and geographically far removed from Africans, and their ignorance of the advanced cultures that Negroes have produced in Africa has been transmitted to us. The English who migrated to America brought along their own women, so intermarriage was unnecessary. Protestant England, unlike Catholic Spain and Portugal, did not attempt to convert its slaves but sought simply to profit from them. American Negroes became, in time, synonymous with hewers of wood. The cotton gin and the opening of vast cotton lands in the South made Negro labor the foundation of the South's plantation economy, and the whites found it necessary to shed their once defensive or apologetic attitude on slavery in favor of frank espousal of the spurious theory of "white supremacy."

Professor Brown's survey of American race relations since the Civil War covers every known aspect, but for that reason is somewhat sketchy, although of great value to the uninitiated. This reviewer agrees that segregation will "very probably go a piece at a time," but not "quietly, and unnoticed." Perhaps a tranquil evolution is more desirable, but it cannot be had at the cost—as Dr. Brown suggests—of not making segregation an "open issue" because Southern minds will hear of no change in the status quo. Would Dr. Brown advocate that Negroes cease to urge the abolition of segregation? Further reading of her book indicates that she supports President Truman's civil-rights program, which envisages the end of segregation. Yet mere espousal of that position makes segregation an "open issue," and one must face the consequences. As Arnold Rose has pointed out, "outside" agitation has dented Dixie concepts more than white Southerners might care to admit; the psychology of the South is to protest loudly but to give in wherever pressure is great enough.

"No person . . . is well educated unless he is informed and trained in the field of human relations and is aware of the importance of race relations in the world today," Dr. Brown concludes. Yet "the average American is as ignorant of human relations as he is familiar with mechanical things," she goes on, urging that we increase the rate of "social literacy" until it equals that of "mechanical literacy." We spend $100,000,000 annually on industrial research—can anyone guess what we dole out to the social sciences? Over and over we ought to repeat with Ina Corinne Brown: "The man who holds erroneous

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beliefs about his fellow human beings may well be a menace to his neighbor and to the common welfare."

"Race Relations in a Democracy" is the fifth volume in a series on race problems sponsored by the Bureau for Intercultural Education. This writer hopes that many teachers will use it in their courses and urge students to let their parents read it as well.

DANIEL JAMES

Biography of Goya

THIS I SAW. THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GOYA. By Antonina Vallentin. Random House. $5.

FRANCISCO GOYA died in 1827, and people in many lands have been writing books about him ever since. His personality was as provocative as his paintings are: unanswered questions stud his memory, and most of them bear within themselves the stuff of romance and combat. Each author who writes about him must face these questions and deal with them according to his time, his scholarship, and his temperament. Charles Poore of the New York *Times*, whose research was done in Madrid amid the first gunfire in the Spanish civil war, answered them a decade ago with honest skill and rugged charm. Antonina Vallentin, born in Poland and living most of her life in France, answers them now with very different overtones.

Charles Poore did a sound reporter's job with due regard for the difference between the fact and the legend and with a more than ordinary understanding of the fact that Goya was, when all is said and done, a Spaniard. Mme Vallentin is the "creative" biographer, more interested in telling a story than in weighing disputed facts. She brings her hero to life, but her book is best taken with a grain of Poore by the reader who wants to know what really happened. Like the rest of the world, she is fascinated by the relationship between Goya and the beautiful Duchess of Alba, and she does her evocative best to present it shorn of mystery and probably the most important influence in Goya's life. If in the process she seems at moments to turn him into a Frenchman it may be merely because she knows more about the men of that nation than about their neighbors south of the Pyrenees.

As a romantic and semi-fictionized biography her book has form and weight. She shows Goya to be a man of enormous force, endowed with great physical strength and a certain peasant shrewdness, literal at times and at other times transforming the stuff of daily life into his own imaginative cosmos. Her account of his long and fertile life is given added substance by the skill with which she sets it in the pageant of European history, recreating that turn of the eighteenth century into the nineteenth, when Spain's affairs were in very bad shape, and Napoleon did many things there but none of them calculated to make those affairs any better. She is squeamish about neither blood nor the less sanctified forms of love.

Unfortunately Mme Vallentin knows less about the pitfalls that lie beneath Spanish surfaces for the confounding of foreigners. Her ways with her hero's native tongue are strange. She wrote in French, and her translator took over into English her disregard of foreign spellings. Verbal errors pepper the book, and cast its real values into unwarranted doubt. Henri Plon is listed in the bibliography as the title of a book—it is the name of a publishing house. *Maja*, a word of great importance in Goya's time and activity, is spelled indiscriminately with a *j* or a *y*, and given a masculine or a feminine ending according to whim rather than to context. Spanish words appear in French, in Spanish, or in a form midway between. Set in the midst of English prose, these bastard bits wear a rakish air which is at best distracting.

In the main the translation is lively, and the English flows well. But no one should undertake translation without facing up to the need for a certain consistency. *Maja*, however distorted in the spelling, is left untranslated. *Disparates*, equally difficult to render in another tongue, is made to appear in English as meaning "stupidities." The word is Goya's verbal shorthand for all the monstrous, funny, fantastic, and significant cloud of ideas which he drew as comments on the way men behave. Translate it "stupidity," and it means nothing. Leave it in its Spanish form, and the pictures for which it forms a group title give it meaning beyond the scope of any single word. And that is the way Goya meant it.

MILDRED ADAMS

A Georgian Novel

THE DOLPHIN IN THE WOOD. By Ralph Bates. Random House. $3.

"THE DOLPHIN IN THE WOOD"—the phrase is from Horace—is Ralph Bates's picture of an incongruous dolphin in the relatively serene wood of an English village during the first two decades of this century.

An old-fashioned, autobiographical novel about the growing up of a sensitive, headstrong young man, it employs the standard properties of Georgian fiction; had it appeared in the years when "Sinister Street" and "Of Human Bondage" seemed major English novels, it would have been very popular, for it is rich with nostalgia, loving detail, and the pangs of adolescence. The surfaces of village life are observed with photographic accuracy. There is gusto—per-

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haps too much gusto—in the figures central to the hero's early experience, a sturdy group of what the eighteenth century would have termed "originals."

This is also a novel about rebellion and about *Sturm und Drang*. Mr. Bates is at his best when showing how, out of the remnants of the English yeomanry—village leaseholders contemptuous of a moribund squirearchy—came some of the impetus to Fabian socialism and the present Labor government.

Finally, there are the inevitable components of this kind of fiction: sex—the most literary and least convincing I have come on recently in a serious novel—and the hero's escape to the land of heart's desire, in his case, Spain.

There is nothing wrong with Georgian fiction, except that most of it has not worn very well and has turned out to be less profound than we once thought it was. The particular trouble with this novel is that, from a sharply defined background, crowded with relatives and country pleasures, the personal sufferings and rebellion of the author-hero emerge diffused and vague.

ERNEST JONES

Films

WILLIAM POSTER

"SAMSON AND DELILAH" is an uninhibited, lusty, lengthy romp through the Biblical world with a full DeMille complement of soldiers, spears, half-clad women, dwarfs, crashing temples, and flames. DeMille yanks the Biblical legend into shape with as much facility as his hero displays in strangling a lion. Delilah is converted into a touching heroine who betrays Samson because of her excessive love; Samson emerges as a superman whose magic strength functions without sweat, strain, or religion to amuse rather than awe the spectator.

Everything in the film, dialogue, plot, acting is ruthlessly, and for the most part tastelessly, geared to the single effect of turbulent, sensual opulence DeMille strives for—and somehow manages to create. When you stop to think of the kind of décor, music, choreography, and writing such a picture could have and doesn't, words are not strong enough to condemn it. The sets are the issue of the forced marriage of archaeology and interior decorating; the costumes are antique models freely altered by a Bergdorf-Goodman sensibility. The dialogue is a weirdly unstylized congeries of archaic, modern, poetic, and realistic lines: "Mother, you make the best pancakes in the valley," says Samson, shortly before he calls Delilah "a fork-tongued adder."

The actors seem to have been selected for sheer visual richness rather than for dramatic ability or their relatedness to any aesthetic conception. The principals are undisguisedly themselves, and we get a succulent mélange of the nineteenth-century foppishness of George Sanders, the Continental coquetries of Hedy Lamarr, and the bottled-up New York voice and sluggish posturings of Victor Mature. Mature is so soft and so little able to communicate the necessary sense of great bodily effort that even his pained romantic face and DeMille's elaborate system of distractions fail to maintain the central illusion. Indeed, the realization of physical violence and combat is so much below

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Professor Isaac G. Matthews, of the Crozer Theological Seminary, writes:

The "Tabernacle in the Wilderness" is, for the first time, shown to be what scholars have suspected,—a priestly fiction. Yet all the essentials of religion are conserved.

CULTURAL MEANING OF THE BIBLE

The Chairman of the Department of Semitic Languages at Harvard, Robert H. Pfeiffer, writes:

Dropping everything else, I devoted the day to this fascinating new volume. I like it immensely. It shows the deep conflict between Ephraim and Judah and the efforts of ecclesiastical Judaism to play down and even eliminate the contributions of Ephraim to the advance of Biblical religion. Both Jews and Christians owe Louis Wallis a debt of gratitude for this illuminating volume.

The book emphasizes that the ancient Hebrew people never had a Bible; that the Hebrew nation passed out of existence, leaving only a single remnant—the tribe of Judah, from which is derived the name Jew; and that the Bible which we have was actually created by Judaic scribes, working in the Babylonian Captivity and after.

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current Hollywood standards as to make one aware that DeMille's estimate of what is necessary for the creation of belief is based on silent films whose unlifelike rapidity of movement compelled audience reactions to remain within the frame of the cinema. DeMille no longer creates in the old terms and has not quite come to grips with the new—including the fact that modern pictures provoke a continuous and acute questioning of the relation of the cinema image to actuality.

Yet, for all the shoddy elements of which it is put together, "Samson and Delilah" does leave one with an ineradicable impression of force and magnitude because it has what nearly every movie since the twenties lacks—the impress of a single personality. Moreover, DeMille's sense of pace and balance, the two most basic cinematic values, is unerring; episodes and transitions, panoramas and close-up shots succeed each other in a copious, rhythmic flow that has an emotional unity and quality of its own, almost apart from what is presented. Whatever Biblical pathos clings to the film is due to the fact that the legend is already present in the spectator's memory and is rekindled by mechanical stoking; yet DeMille's gift for sensuous spectacle and straightforward narration has a certain kinship to the temper if not to the spirit or mind of the Old Testament. A Cocteau, a Gide, or a Shaw gives us refined *interpretations* of legends; DeMille remains one of the few individuals practicing in any art who can create something resembling an equivalent—however chaotic or vulgar.

"East Side, West Side" is an indecisive but neither insensitive nor unrealistic treatment of marital love and infidelity in New York "cafe society." James Mason is the wealthy society playboy who cannot, despite his desire, remain faithful to his beautiful, intelligent, and subdued wife (Barbara Stanwyck). A feeble effort is made to set the action into the total pattern of metropolitan life; the attempt to synchronize it with the more luxurious rhythms of upper-class existence is more successful. The lovers are gracefully impeded in the expression of their emotions by appointments, social barriers, liquor, parties, and automobiles. When the picture frees itself from stuffy middlebrow attitudes about love and marriage, it breathes a Fitzgerald-like atmosphere of romantic unfulfilment at the apex of social success.

Whatever tension is built up by Mervyn LeRoy's careful direction is never brought to a sharp climax because the picture fails to reach a conclusion about its basic problem. Mason's philandering is viewed in a weak and fluctuating fashion as vicious selfishness, pardonable illness, or a blight that attacks the very fortunate. Although the picture is somewhat too calculated and tries for too many ends, it is dextrous and sometimes positively inspired in its recreation of the milieu and of such typical events as a barroom brawl or a midday burst of confidences between two women. It is also one of the very rare films in which all the actors, from Mason down to the lowliest bit player, sound as if they understood and meant every syllable they utter.

Burgess Meredith seems to have directed "The Man in the Eiffel Tower" chiefly with an eye to obtaining as many colorful views of Paris as possible. These are occasionally interrupted by an airily mangled Simenon plot that allows Franchot Tone, Charles Laughton, and Meredith to chase each other amiably through the streets, cafes, and up the very photogenic webs of the tower.

THE MYTH OF CATHOLIC SCHOLARSHIP

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Joseph McCabe simply had to write this 30,000-word book after the success of his devastating book exposing the lies and fallacies of the Britannica. For years we've been compelled to listen to the claims of "Catholic Scholars" without being given the material with which to judge their qualifications. This is solved, at last, by the one man best able to do the job—Joseph McCabe, the keenest writer on Catholicism in the world. In this invaluable work of enlightened criticism, McCabe sails into the major lies, with side excursions into the odds and ends of mendacity. Naturally, after devoting some chapters to Catholic scholars in general McCabe devotes himself to the Catholic Encyclopedia, which he takes apart and examines with ruthless candor. He proves by actual references that the encyclopedia contains thousands of statements which any scholar must pronounce lies. From end to end, McCabe shows, it suppresses, manipulates, and distorts established facts in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church. McCabe says in his introduction that of the score of encyclopedias (American, British, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Protestant, Jewish, Economic, etc.), that he consults in the course of his work no other has the slightest approach to the Catholic Encyclopedia in the art of duping its readers. Eighty percent of the contents are not of the faintest interest to the modern. The remaining 20 percent is stiff with the lying and trickery of Catholic propaganda. In this new volume McCabe gives enough to convince the readers that this encyclopedia is dangerous because it reeks with lies. McCabe here does culture and Freethought a tremendous service. This is surely his most important, significant and effective work. This new book belongs in your library. Get a copy today. The price of McCabe's "The Myth of Catholic Scholarship" is 75¢, prepaid. Mail orders to:

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Records

B. H. HAGGIN

THE Suite from Copland's music for "Billy the Kid" has been recorded for RCA Victor by Leonard Bernstein with a Victor orchestra (DM-1333, 3 12″). This is one of Copland's best scores; and again I regret his omitting from the suite music which I consider finer than some he includes: *The Fight* and *Celebration* are, I think, inferior to the omitted music of the scenes of Billy and the jailer, Billy and his girl, and Garett's stalking and shooting of Billy. Bernstein's performance produces, in slow, quiet passages, a soft luxuriance of sound instead of the hard and taut quality which the character of the work calls for; otherwise it is excellent.

Victor also has issued Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3 performed by Kapell with the Dallas Symphony under Dorati (DM-1326, 3 12″). I like the work even more than I used to; and not only are Kapell's dynamic temperament and piano style well-suited to the fast movements, but he plays the quiet variations of the middle movement very beauti-

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fully. The over-all recorded sound is good, but the piano sometimes recedes into the distance; and surfaces of the 78 r.p.m. records are noisy.

Respighi's "The Fountains of Rome" is music which many people look down on, but which I find enjoyable to listen to. The excellent performance by De Sabata and the Rome Augusteo Orchestra is richly reproduced (DM-1337, 2 12″); but again surfaces are noisy.

I enjoy the Respighi piece in the way I do some of Sibelius's Second Symphony, which is looked up to by some of those who look down on Respighi—who, that is, are impressed by the pretentiousness which I don't enjoy in the Sibelius symphony. The performance recorded by Beecham with the Royal Philharmonic (DM-1334, 5 12″) has, much of the time, the static quality, the lack of continuing impetus and momentum, that I felt in their recently issued performance of "Ein Heldenleben"; and again surfaces are noisy.

Quiet surfaces are the only merit of the set (DM-1325, 4 12″) of Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 performed stodgily and crudely by Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony, and recorded with leveled-off fortissimos. But they are only one of the merits of the single record (12-1060) with Satie's lovely Gymnopedie No. 1 and the less attractive No. 2 (as orchestrated by Debussy), beautifully performed by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony.

On one side of a Columbia LP record (ML-2087) is a performance by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra of a Suite from Virgil Thomson's music for the film "Louisiana Story," which I haven't yet seen. Pastoral and Chorale are pleasant to hear for themselves; the varied repetitions of the ground-bass in Passacaglia, too, are interesting in addition to being an ingenious and effective way of building up suspense for the incident in the film; Fugue may have been effective for the film, but is not interesting as a piece of musical construction for itself. On the reverse side is the previously issued recording of Thomson's Five Portraits performed by the same orchestra under his own direction. "The musical style of the pieces," he says, "varies with the personality of the subject. . . . An effort has been made to catch . . . a likeness recognizable to persons acquainted with the sitter." I can recognize the "likeness" in the ebullient Fugue that represents Alexander Smallens, but the other subjects are unknown to me; however, value in these musical portraits, as in painted ones, resides not in the degree of likeness but in the quality of music; and only two of the five seem to me to have value as pieces of music: the Cantabile for Strings and, in lesser degree, the Tango Lullaby.

On another Columbia LP (ML-2088) are the recording issued more than two years ago of Mozart's Horn Concerto K. 495 performed by Dennis Brain with the Hallé Orchestra, and a new recording of the Horn Concerto K. 417 performed by Brain with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Süsskind. K. 417 is written on a smaller scale than K. 495, and hasn't the space in which to achieve the greater elaboration and complexity of K. 495; nevertheless it has its wonderful pages—the sequence of melodic statements, beginning with a dramatic modulation and modulating further, that constitutes the brief development in the first movement; the episode in C minor, with delightful chirping comments, in the last movement. Brain's playing of both melody and passagework is magnificent (he doesn't have the fabulous beauty of tone and sensitiveness of phrasing that Mason Jones has; but nobody does); and the Philharmonia's playing is much finer than the Hallé's. As produced by this record the sound of K. 417 is heavy down below and sharp on top, whereas that of K. 495 is only heavy down below.

London 78 r.p.m. single records offer Schubert's charming "Rosamunde" Overture well performed by the London Symphony under Fistoulari—the recorded sound a little veiled on the A-side and veiled and sharp on the B (T-5475); Mozart's "Seraglio" Overture well performed by the National Symphony under Boyd Neel, but with the minuet passages much too slow—the B-side requiring additional treble (T-5442); and the Overture to "The Magic Flute" (T-5440), not as well performed by the same orchestra and conductor as by Toscanini and the B. B. C. Symphony.

What promises to be an exceptionally brilliant season of the New York City Ballet Company will begin at City Center on February 21. There will be several new works—Balanchine's "Jones Beach" (music by Andriessen) and Pas de deux romantique (music by Weber), Ashton's "Illuminations" (music by Britten, poems of Rimbaud), Robbins's "Age of Anxiety" (music by Leonard Bernstein); and in addition there will be a revival of Balanchine's "The Prodigal Son" (music by Prokofiev), last performed by Diaghilev's company in 1929, and William Dollar's restoration of his "Le Combat" (music by De Banfield), given here recently by Les Ballets de Paris.

NEXT WEEK IN *THE NATION*

Midwinter Books

The Rise of Russian Literature
Essay by Isaiah Berlin

Poem *by Marianne Moore*

Lucius Clay's "Decision in Germany"
Reviewed by Edwin Hartrich

Benedetto Croce's "My Philosophy"
Reviewed by Charles S. Singleton

Joyce Cary's "The Horse's Mouth"
Reviewed by Ernest Jones

Other reviews by
Joseph Wood Krutch, Gerald Sykes
Reinhold Niebuhr, Nathaniel Peffer

Music *by B. H. Haggin*

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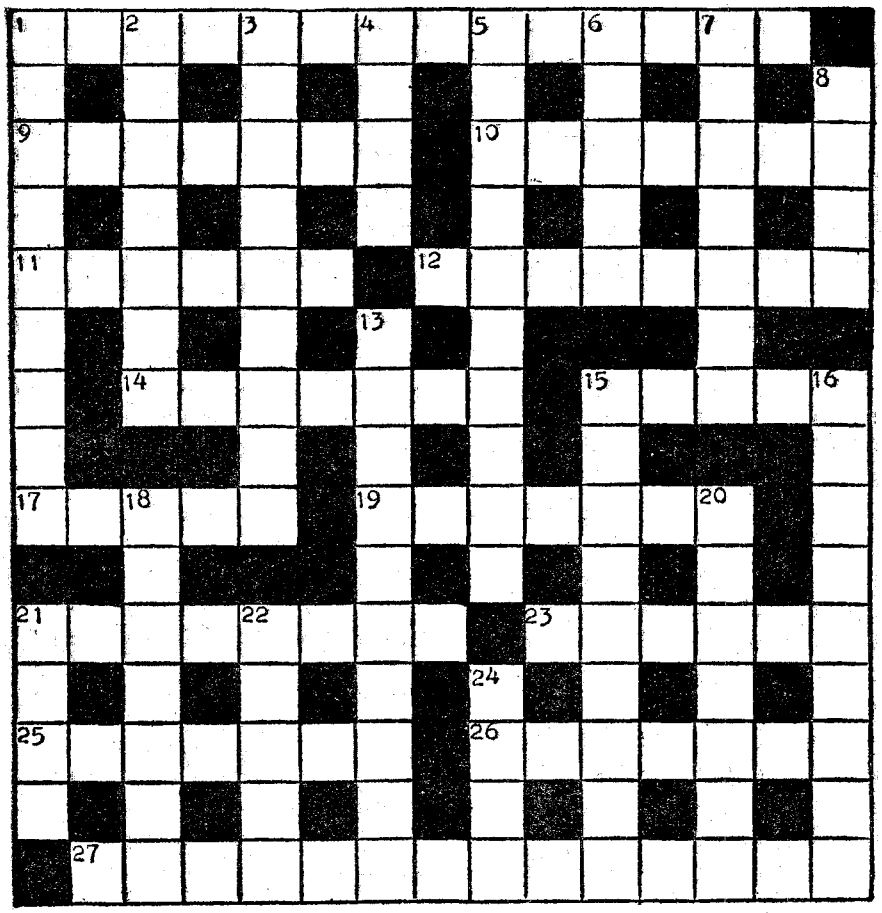
Crossword Puzzle No. 350

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 27. Iron fist in a velvet glove? (5, 6, 3, 5, 1, 3, 5)
9 Crystal pendants? (7)
10 See 22.
11 Little marine from "H. M. S. Rip." (6)
12 Starts out with one being sometimes tender. (8)
14 Former N. Y. congressman who doesn't take brandy. (7)
15 Artistic merit is almost all goodness. (5)
17 Representative sound of a drum. (5)
19 More basic office machine. (7)
21 and 23. See 1 down.
25 Eureka implies it. (7)
26 See 22 down.
27 See 1 across.

DOWN

1, 23, 21 across. They speak each other. (5, 4, 4, 2, 3, 5)
2 Country air and tree confounded. (7)
3 .621 miles. (9)
4 The English have nothing to use but water. (4)
5 They became the sixth nation of the confederacy. (10)
6 Longing over an oriental city. (5)
7 A disjunctive connective is found therein. (7)
8 The things that Stanton said his chief belonged to. (4)
13 No sense in the sea as anyone can see. (10)
15 Cotters, perhaps. (9)
16 Certainly not Johnny Reb! (5, 4)
18 A rocky conglomeration. (7)
20 His factotum was a little shaver. (7)
21 The thing of Cowper's that was *really* a literary work! (4)
22, 26 across, 10 across. What Walt said when he heard voices. (1, 4, 7, 7)
24 Indian maidens find it all around and over head. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 349

ACROSS:—1 VEHEMENT; 5 SKEWED; 10 ROOKS; 11 SEVENTEEN; 12 ICEBERG; 13 LAMBETH; 14 BRASSY; 15 ENNOBLE; 18 MIGRANT; 21 OFFICE; 24 RAMBLER; 26 CONIFER; 27 COVER GIRL; 28 INEPT; 29 DOSING; 30 BRIGADES.

DOWN:—1 VIRGIL; 2 HOOKED RUG; 4 NOSEGAY; 6 KINSMAN; 7 WHERE; 8 DINGHIES; 9 SVELTE; 16 BACKFIELD; 17 EMBRACED; 19 AILERON; 20 TURNIP; 21 OSCULAR; 22 and 3 FENCING MASTERS; 23 CRATES; 25 MOVES.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

Letters to the Editors

I Choose Europe

Dear Sirs: Dr. Gumpert's right to choose America as his new homeland cannot be challenged. But perhaps a European, from France, who has made a contrary decision and returned to his native land may be permitted to question the validity of his reasons.

First of all, it is not Europe of which Dr. Gumpert washes his hands; it is Germany. From his opening paragraph on it is clear that it is not the case of the European refugee in general that he is discussing but only that of the German refugee. The disappointments which inspired his second leave-taking were encountered in Germany and then applied against all Europe.

Europe is blamed, first, for its "crowding"—strangely shocking to a resident of Manhattan; then for its "sameness," which surely, without reproach to the towns of my dear America, is one of the first traits to strike a visitor to that country; and finally, for its "smallness," an astonishing criticism which reminds me of the exclamation of a friend upon showing me the Pacific Ocean: "Isn't it *big*?" To tell the truth, to the naked eye it is no bigger than the Mediterranean.

According to Dr. Gumpert, the social structure of Europe is provincial and outdated. Let us forget that Russia, whose social structure one may deplore but not term outmoded, is in Europe. Let us ask Dr. Gumpert whether he finds the British health plan outmoded, or the social-security program in France—to take but two examples. On what other continent are there more advanced experiments?

No new writers, no new painters, no new architects in Europe? Sartre, Prévert, Queneau in France; Moravia, Alvaro, Vittorini in Italy; Waugh, Greene, Rex Warner in England—their works give the lie to Dr. Gumpert. Among the painters, Pignon, Fougeron, Dideron, Marchand come to mind, though I do not intend to limit to them, or to France, the list of men of talent which contradicts our critic. And may I remind him that at Marseilles, in France, a block of apartments is under construction whose boldness of style is undeniable. French television, British jet-propelled aircraft surpass in quality anything produced in America.

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Nothing happens in Europe, Dr. Gumpert tells us; everything happens elsewhere. But does not the whole world listen to the beating of the European heart, a heart which feeds the arteries of the world? From Europe are still exported all innovations in the social structure, all new tendencies in art, and many scientific ideas. *Everything* still happens in Europe! It is there, on that old earth, that life acquires its relish.

Dr. Gumpert sees in Europe not the least sign of an effort to abolish frontiers, construct a free and just society. Accomplishments like Benelux, the French-Italian customs treaty, the European Parliament of Strasbourg—these do not appear to him to be even the "least sign."

Two further points: Dr. Gumpert speaks of the desire of all who are young and alive to quit Europe. Partially true in 1945, this assertion is today absolutely false, except for Germany; every United States consulate will bear witness to what I say. Without hesitation Dr. Gumpert writes that "Americans are hated throughout Europe." I will let the hundreds of thousands of American tourists and visitors who traveled in Europe last year answer this fantastic statement, which the French Gratitude Train has already so effectively disproved.

It is not my business to pass judgment on the positive reasons for Dr. Gumpert's choice of America for his homeland. If I were an American, I should probably find them convincing. I can understand the strong reasons which impel a man to make his home in a free land. But it is not the conversation of a traveling salesman, or the joys of the American drugstore, or even the great roads and factories which would most powerfully attract me. As for the unlimited good-will and the "undemanding" kindness of Americans, where have people demonstrated their inexhaustible patience and their infinite wisdom more clearly than in unhappy Europe?

PIERRE-ANDRE WEILL

Paris, January 15

[M. Weill was a refugee in this country from 1941 to 1946, serving for a time as chairman of France Forever. He is now a writer and book dealer in France. His letter is a reply to an article by Dr. Martin Gumpert, I Choose America, which appeared in The Nation *of December 10, 1949.]*

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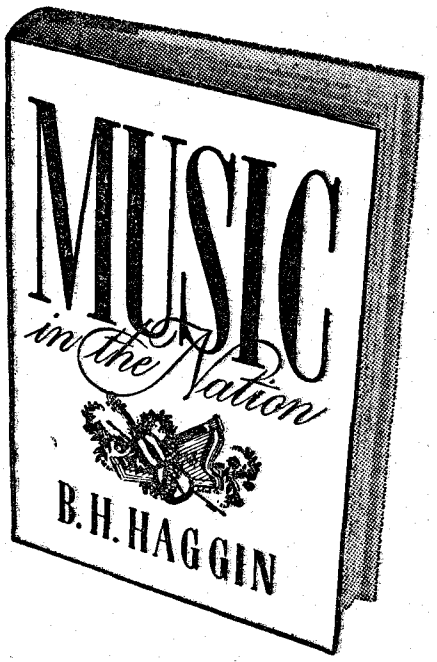

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